SUSY;

The Story of a Waif.

BY BRET HARTE.

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Meantime the heroic proprietor of the peaceulox team, whose valor Incarnation had so infeligitously celebrated, was walking listlessly in the dust beside his wagon. At a first glance his alouehing figure, taken in connection with his bucolle conveyance, did not immediately suggest a hero. As he emerged from the dusty cloud it could be seen that he was wearing a belt from which a large dragoon revolver and hunting knife were slung, and placed somewhat ostentatiously across the wagon seat was a rifle. Yet singularly inoffensive character, and even suggested articles of homely barter. Culinary utensils of all sizes, tubs, scullery brushes, and clocks with several rolls of cheap carpeting and called might have been the wares of some travelling vendor. Yet as they were only visible through a flap of the drawn curtains of the canvas hood they did not mitigate the general aggressive offect of their owner's appearance. A red bandana handkorchief knotted and thrown loosely over the shoulders; a slouched hat pulled darkly over a head of long tangled hair, which, however, shadowed a round face, scantily and youthfully bearded.

were part of these confusing inconsistencies.

The shadows of the team and wagen were elicady lengthening grotesquely over the flat cultivated field, which for some time had taken the place of the plains of wild oats in the branch road into which they had turned. The gigantic shadow of the proprietor occasionally projected before it, was in characterstie exaggoration, and was often obliterated by a puff of dust, stirred by the plodding hoofs the peaceful oxen, and swept across the field by the strong afternoon trades. The sun sank lower, although a still potent presence above the horizon line; the creaking wagon lumbered still heavlly along. Yet at intervals its belligerent propristor would start up from his slouching. silent march, break out into violent disproportionate but utterly ineffective objurgation of his cattle, jump into the air and kick his heels together in some paroxysm of indignation against them-an act, however, which was recolved always with heavy boying indifference. the dogged soorn of swaying protesting heads, or the dull contempt of lazily flicking tails.

and cottages indicated their approach to the outskirts of a country town or settlement. Here the team halted as if the belligerentlooking teamster had felt his appearance was inconsistent with an effectionate civilization. and the oxen were turned into an open waste. opposite a nondescript wooden tenement, half farmhouse and half cabin, evidently of the rudest Western origin. He may have recognized the fact that these "shantles" were not as the ordinary traveller might infer, the first rude shelter of the original pioneers or settlers, but the later makeshifts of some recent Western immigrants, who, like himself probably, found themselves unequal to the settled habits of the village, and who still retained their nomadic instincts. It chanced, however, that the cabin at present was occupied by a New England mechanic and his family, who had immigrated by ship around Cape Horn. and who had no experience of the West, the plains, or its people. It was, therefore, with some curiosity and a certain amount of fascinated awe that the mechanic's only daughter regarded from the open door the arrival of this wild and lawless-looking stranger.

Meantime he had opened the curtains of the wagon and taken from its interior a number of bots, pans, and culinary utensils which he proseeded to hang upon certain hooks that were placed on the outer ribs of the board and the ides of the vehicle. To this he added a roll of rag carpet, the end of which hung from the tailboard, and a roll of pink called temptingly displayed on the seat. The mystification and curiosity of the young girl grew more intense at these proceedings. It looked like the ordi-pary exhibition of a travelling peddler, but the omy and embattled appearance of the man himself scouted so peaceful and commonlace a suggestion. Under the pretence of chasing away a marauding hen the wagon. It then became evident that the traveller had seen her and was not averse to her interest in his movements, although he had not changed his attitude of savage retrospection. An occasional ejaculation of suppressed passion, as if the memory of some past conflict was too much for him, escaped him even in his peaceful occupation. As this possibly caused the young girl to still hover timidly in the distance, he suddenly

extered the wagon and reappeared carrying a tin bucket with which he somewhat ostentatiously crossed her path-his eyes darkly wandering-as if speking something. If you're lookin' for the spring, it's a spell furder on-by the willows."

It was a pleasant voice, the teamster thought. albeit with a dry, crisp New England accent unfamiliar to his ears. He looked into the depths of an unlovely blue check sun bonnet. and saw certain small, irregular features and a sallow cheek, lit up by a pair of perfectly insecont trustful, and wondering brown eyes. Their timid possessor seemed to be a girl of seventeen, whose figure, although apparently clad in one of her mother's gowns, was still undeveloped and repressed by rustic hardship and inuutriher eyes met his she saw that the face of this gloomy stranger was still youthful and by no means implacable, and even at that moment was actually suffused by a brick-colored blush. In matters of mere intuition the sex, even at its most rustic phase. is still our superior, and this unsophisticated girl, as the trespasser stammered." Thank ye, miss." was instinctively emboldened.

o' milk of ve keer for it." She motioned shyly toward the cabin and

then led the way. The stranger with an inar-ticulate murmur, afterward disguised as a cough, followed her meekly. Nevertheless, by the time they had reached the cabin he had shaken his long hair over his eyes again, and a dark abstraction gathered chiefly in his eyebrown But it did not efface from the girl's mind the previous concession of a blush, and although it added to her curiosity did not alarm her. He drank the milk awkwardly.

Toward sunset one or two straggling barns

which the set of extended the company of the compan

alarm her. He drank the milk awkwardly. But by the laws of courtesy, even among the most savage tribes, she felt he was at that moment at least harmless. A timid smile fluttored around her mouth as she said:

"When ye hung up them things I thought ye might be havin' authing to swap or sell. That is," with tactful politoness, 'mother was wantin' a new skillet, and it would her' been handy if you'd had one. But," with an apologetic giance at his equipments, "if it ain't your business, it's all right, and no offence."

"I've got a lot o' skillets," said the strange teamster with marked condescension, "and she can have one they're all that's left outer a a heap o' trader's stuff captured by lights tother side of Laramlel. We had a hig fight to got 'em buck; lost two of our best men-skelped at Bloody Creek-and had to drop a dozen redskins in their tracks—me and an ther man-lyin' flat in or waron, and lirin' ander the flaps of the canabad had to drop a dozen redskins in their tracks—me and an ther man-lyin' flat in or waron, and lirin' ander the flaps of the canabad had to drop a dozen redskins in their tracks—me and an ther man-lyin' flat in or waron, and lirin' ander the flaps of the canabad had to drop a dozen redskins in their tracks—me and an ther man-lyin' flat in or waron, and lirin' ander the flaps of the canabad had to drop a dozen redskins in their tracks—me and an ather man-lyin' flat in or waron, and lirin' ander the flaps of the canabad had to drop a dozen redskins in their tracks—me and an ather man-lyin' flat in or wardon, and firin' ander the flaps of the canabad had to drop a dozen redskins in their tracks—me and an ather man-lyin' flat in or wardon, and firin' ander the flaps of the canabad had to drop a dozen redskins in their tracks—me and an ather man-lyin' flat in or wardon, and firin ander the flaps of the canabad had to drop a dozen redskins in their tracks—me and an ather that had not only a ting of warriness, suid therefore, and the man decome and the standard had been an advantage of the ma

knew not which! Was he still dreaming? A strange shiver crept over his skin as if the air had grown suddenly chill. Then another mysterious voice arose, incredulous half mocking, but equally distinct and clear.

"Caramba! What is this? You are wandering, irlend Pancho! You are still swarting from his tongue. He has the grant continued by his brigand Government; he has the possessions stolen by a thief like himself. And he has the Corregidores with him, for is he not one of them himself, this Judge Peyton?"

Peyton! Clarence felt the blood rush back to his face in astonishment and indignation; his heels mechanically pressed his horse's flanks and the animal sprang forward.

"Guarda! Mira:" said the voice again in a quicker, lower tone. But this time it was evidently in the field heside him, and the heads and shoulders of two horsemen emerged at the same moment from the tall ranks of the wild oats. The mystery was now solved. The strangers had been making their way along a lower level of the terraced plain, hidden by the grain, not twenty yards away, and parallel with the road they were ascending to join. Their figures were alike formless in long striped acrapes, and their features undistinguishable under stiff black sombreros.

Buenas noches, señor, said the second volce in formal and cautious deliberation.

A sudden inspiration made Clarence respond in English, as I he had not comprehended the strangers' words, "Eh?"

"Good night!" repeated the stranger.

"Oh! Good night!" repared the stranger.

"Oh! Good night!" repured Clarence. They passed him, their spurs tinkled twice or thrice, their mustangs sprang forward, and the next moment the loose folds of their serapes were fluttering at their sides like wings in their flight.

To be continued.

To be continued.

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY. Now \$75,000 Got Out of a Barrel and Robber Got In.

Opyright, 1892, by Charles B. Lewis. My Uncle Ben was a singular man-so singular that in this day and age every body would have called him a crank of the first grade. In the first place, he never married: in the next, he built himself a house which went by the name of "the jail;" again, he sold a lot of land for \$75,000 and kept every dollar of the money in the house for years; lastly. I was the only relative or other person he would admit to the house or trust with a dollar.

I went to live with Uncle Ben when I was 15 years old. He was then a man of 60, and not over well. I don't know how he and father fixed it up, but I went to "the jail" as a sort of assistant to the old man. I don't know but I was also a companion, though there were days at a time when he did not speak to me. He ilved in the oil district of Pennsylvania. and the land he sold went to men in the oil business. Mostly with his own hands Uncle kept the big treasure. It was a one-story house, with walls over two feet thick. There were iron bars and iron shutters to the three or four windows, an iron door front and back, and the roof was of boiler plate. There was only one room in the house. This was parlor, bedroom, dining room and kitchen combined. The furniture was of the plainest, as were also our meals. There was a back yard about a hundred feet square, and this was surrounded by a board fence sixteen feet

high. There was also an iron door in the fence. The house was two miles from a store, and one reason Uncle Ben wanted me was to run back and forth. He had determined never to leave the house by itself, though no gang of burglars could have effected an entrance by working all day. The money was all in gold, and kept in a new oll barrel in a corner of the room. During my first six months the old man was never away. During the next six he made two trips to the store. If one of us went into the back yard the iron door was shut and fastened, and it was not opened again, unless we gave a certain signal. We were worse off than convicts. Only one window was opened at a time, and we simply satthere and killed time as best we might. We had no books or papers, no games, only now and then a conversation. Uncle Ben expected to be attacked every hour, but no one could induce him to put his money in bank.

One day, when I had been at "the jall" over year, some one shoved a letter under the door. It was for Uncle Ben. It purported to be from a man who wanted to buy a piece of land, and who offered such a big price for it that uncle decided to go to the town, six miles away, and deal with him. The would-be buyer fixed an interview for 6 o'clock in the evening. It was now November, and it would be dark at that hour. Uncle Ben didn't like the idea of returning on foot after that hour, as it was a rough and unsettled country, but he finally decided to risk it. He left "the jall" at half past 4, but not until he had cautioned me over and over again. I was not to open door or window except at his signal, which was five raps repeated three times. The only weapons

we had were two clubs which he had cut in the forest. He was too stingy to buy firearms. ugo | As soon as the old man had gone I upset the count out \$5,000, but always ended up by declaring that the rubbing of the coins was causing him too great a loss. I can tell you that the sum of \$75,000 in yellow gold pieces-fives. tens, and twenties-is a sight to interest people a great deal older than I was, and it wasn't five manues before I had forgotten all else. I think I had counted out eleven piles of \$1,000 each when I heard Uncle Ben's signal. We had no clock, but it seemed to me that he had not had time to go and return. I made all haste to scoop the gold into the barrel, but before this was accomplished the signal had been repeated several times. Knowing how annoyed uncle would be. I took down the bar and shot back the bolts as rapidly as possible. As the door opened a strange man walked in, and his first move was to turn

on the board, calculating that the sight would have its due effect. When he arose he put both away again, having a scabbard for the kaife and a holster for the pistol. He had no cause to worry about me, knowing that he could break my bones in his grip. I wondered greatly how he could take matters so coolly, having no suspicion of what had happened to the old man, and I can truthfully say that I began to make plans. As the liquor affected his brain he grew joily and began to soling. I could now have made my escape by way of the back door had I so wished, but I was thinking beyond that. There was reason to believe that the liquor would finally overcome him, and I would wait and the him hand and foot.

For the space of half an hour the rouber was joily tight. Then he began to solier up and resume his former demeanor. He ordered me to pull the atraw ticks off the bods and empty them, and then to divide the gold into two portions and tie each portion in a tick. He sat looking at me while? worked. When the bundles were made up to his satisfaction he ordered me to drag them to the front door, Drag is the proper word as it was all I could do to move one along the floor. As I was returning for the second portion the man rose up and looked into the barrel and shook it. A single coin had been left in there, and as it rattled about he been left in there, and as it rattled about he been left in there, and as it rattled about he been left in there, and as it rattled about he been left in there, and as it rattled about he burdles was a new barrel, stout and thick. In a sooner caught sight of him with head and shoulders and both arms in the barrel, and his left toot off the floor, then my line of action came to me with the swiftness of lightning. I strang forward and seized his right leg and exerted all my arrend. His head went to the bottom, while his feet stuck up in the air, and no robber was ever in a worse box. His struggles would have upset the barrel, and his left toot off the floor, then my left had not houghts of the

He pounded on the door with a stone and made noise enough to awaken the dead, but I still remained quiet.

"Look here, Buil," said the fellow as he ceased his efforts, "John has played us a scurvy trick. He's got the gold and lit out."

"If he has, we'll hunt him to his death. If he got in, how happens the door to be locked?"

"Dunno, but there seemething wrong. Let's bust the cussed thing off its hinges."

The two flung themselves against the door with full force, but it was too strong for them. Then they hunted around for a log to use as a battering ram, but could find nothing in the darkness. Finally, puzzled what to make of the situation, they called out to me:

"Boyl boy! Onen the door. If you do, we promise not to hurt you. If we have to blow it down with a torpedo, we'll kill you for sure!"

I felt that silence was my strongest weapon, and so it proved. After a while they became altermed and made off, and I heard nothing more from them. All this time I had kept an eye on the man in the barrel, but he had not moved or cried out. It was about midnight when the two men left. They went back to the shanty, held a whispered consultation with the sentry, and after a few minutes the trio rode off toward town. Uncle Ben was bound and gagged, and, as soon as he was alone, he began the work of freeing himself. This he accomplished after a while, and believing that he had been robbed he also made for town to rebort his loss. Three officers started for hone with him, and it was daylight when they arrived. When the Lashings were cast off and my prisoner was pulled out of the barrel ho was dead and stiff. He probably died within the first half hoar. In the fingers of his right hand was clutched a ten-dollar gold plees—the coil which had hired him to his death. No one could identify the man, nor was either of the others wer arrested. Everybedycalled me a braye, cool-headed lad, and plenty of people came to look at me and pat me on the back, but I didn't deserve a word of praise. I simply acted on impulse, and I was scar

arrived. When the lashings were cast off and my prisoner was pulled out of the barrel how was dead and stif. He probably died within the first haff hear. In the fingers of his right hand was clutched a fee-dollar gold piece—the coin which had hired him to his death. No one could identify the man, nor was either of the others ever arrested. Everybody called me a brave, cool-heardel lad, and plenty of people came to look at me and put me on the back, but I didn't deserve a word of praise. I simply acted on intuities, and I was scared half to doath most of the time.

At Stone liver I saw an infantryman struck between the shoulders by a solid. He was fluing forty feet or more and reduced to a pulp, and yet how ass gasping thirty seconds after being struck. At Second Bull Run the man next to me on the right was shot through the centre of the forehead. We were kneeling. He had his gun to his face and had fired the shot and eried out. "My God. I'm hit!" before he fell over on his side. While we were forming battio line in the streets of Fredericksburg a rilled shell exploded in the ranks about twenty feet awar. One man was shown to fragments—so completely wined off the face of the earth that not a finger of him was to be found. The shell probably explained by the structure of the fine and to a finger of him was to be found. The shell probably explained by the work harded and and an and a fine of the way fine and the college of the conditions of the time.

Try a little?"

"Xo, thank pou I never drink."

"Excellent youth" and the mirate subject for experiment. Here's all head now the fine the man, "and the more one edge when he keered the shear of the fine when the come in the struct of the ash of the mirate subject for experiment. Here's all the more of the other subject that when the close to the mirate all found and pour head, baldy in the time of the mirate all found and the core and roll of the found. The man and the core is all the man time the subject for experiment. Here's all the mirate all found and the first

was blown to fragments—so completely wheel off the face of the earth that not a finger of him was to be found. The shelt probably expleded just as it hit him. The man on his right had a leg and an arm blown off and was flung ten feet away, yet he was living and trying to speak haif a minute later. The one on his left was cut in two above the hips and one of his arms blown over the heads of the second line just forming. This man's eyes did not close for twenty seconds.

At Spottsylvania a sergeant on my right was shot through the heart as the lines were advancing. The body was alterward examined by the surgeon, and he said the bullet had passed through the heart. The man advanced at least four steps after being hit, and then clutched at a sayling and said. Neep right on: Pve been hit? He must have lived fully thirty seconds after receiving the shot. In the cemetery at Gettysburg three of us were lying down behind a monument which had toppled over, and were using it as a breastwork. The man on the left was struck by some missile, probably a fragment of shell, which uncovered the whole top of his head. He laid his gun aside, stood up at full height, and then shrieked out and fell. As we turned to him he raised his right arm, and his his moved as if he were trying to give us some message.

ing how annoyed uncle would be. I took down the bar and shot back the bolts as rapidly as possible. As the door opened a strange man walked in, and his first move was to turn around and make things accurs. I had read the strange of phase having a negulation well under 3,000, but it has always had its full proportion of healthy, mischlevous boys, and enough girls to go around. Now, however, most of the girls in the good of the state of the st

PLANTATION PABLES. Drath and the Negro Man. BY FOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

One day Uncle Remus was grinding the axe with which he chopped kindling for the kitchen and the big house. The axe was very dull. It was full of "gaps," and the work of putting an edge on it was neither light nor agreeable. A negro boy turned the grindstone, and the little boy poured on water when

water was needed. "Et dis yer ax wuz a yard longer, it ud be a cross-cut saw, en den ef we had de lumber we could saw it up en build us a house." said the old man.

The negro boy rolled his eyes and giggled. seeing which Uncle Remus bore so heavily on the axe that the grindstone could hardly be turned. The negro boy coased giggling, but he continued to roll his eyes.
"Turn it," exclaimed the old man. "Turn

it. Et you don't turn it I'll make you stan' dar plum twel night gwine theo de motions. I'll make you do like de nigger man done when he got tired or week."

The old man stopped talking, but the grinding wenton. After awhile the boy asked: What did the man do when he got tired of

work?" "Dat's a tale, honey, en tellin' tales is playin'," replied Uncle Remus. He wiped the blade of the axe on the palm of his hand and tried the edge with his thumb. "She won't shave," he said, by way of comment, "but I speck it'll do ter knock out kindlin'. Yit of I had de time I'd like ter stan' here en see how long dish yer triflin' vilyun would roll dem eyes at me.'

In a little while the axe was supposed to be sharp enough, and then, dismissing the negro boy, Uncle Remus seated himself on one end ame that supported the grindstone, with his forehead on his coat sleeve, and enjoys what he called a broathing spell.

"1 ... or nigger man you hear me talk about." he remarked, "wun a-gittin' sorter ol' en he got so he ain't want ter work no how you kin fix it. When folks hangs back fum work what dey bin sent ter do, hit nachally makes bad matters wuss, on dat de way 'twuz wid dish yer nigger man. He helt back en he hung back, en de white folks got fretted wid 'im en sot 'im a task. Gentlemans, dat nigger man wuz mad. He wuz one er dese Affriky nig-ger, en you know bow dey is bowlegged en bad tempered. He quoiled en he quoiled. when he 'uz by his own lone se'l en he quoiled when he us wid tudder folks.

"He got so mad dat he say he hope ole Gran"

marster en de overseer 'long wid 'im. He talk so long en he talk so loud dat de white folks hear what he say. Den de marster en de overseer make it up 'mongst deyse'f dat dey gwine

ter play a prank on that nigger man.
"So den, one night, a leetle atter midnight, he got 'im a white counterpane, he did, en wrop hisse'f in it, en den he cut two eye holes in a pillar case en drawed it down over his head en went down ter de house whar de nigger man stay. Nigger man ain't gone ter bed. He been fryin' ment en smokin' ashcake, en he sot dar in de cheer noddin', wid grease in his mouf en a big hunk er ashcake in his han'. De door wuz half open en de fire burnin' low.

"De marster walk in, he did, en sorter cler up his throat. Nigger man ain't wake up. Ef he make any movement it 'uz ter clinch de ashcake a lettle tighter. Den de marster knock on de door, blim-blim-blim! Nigger sorter fling his head back, but 'twasn't long 'fo' hit din' like nottin', ain't happen. De marster knock some mo' blam-blam-blam! Dis time

Where the Harryeans Comes From,

While Uncle Romus was telling the little boy how the negro man had been frightened by his master the clouds began to gather in the southwest, dark and threatening. They rose higher and higher, and presently they began to ily swiftly overhead. Uncle Remus studied them carefully a moment, and then remarked

sententiously:
"Mo' win' dan water, I speck." "How can you tell, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.
" Haze when cloud got water in it you kin see de shadder er de rain: you kin see where she starts to break off fum de cloud. Dat

cloud yander look black, but she's all stirred

up: you can't see no rain trailin' down. She look like she been tousled and tumbled." Just then the old man and the little boy felt the cool wind strike their faces, and the leaves of the trees began to rustle. Straightway they heard a sighing sound in the distance, which gradually increased to a steady roar, accompanied by an occasional gleam of lightning

and the rumbling of thunder.
"Is peck we better git in underdeshingles."

settin' all 'roun' eve'ywharos. Dey'd be trouble, mon, en a heap un it."

"But how can a harrycane start in a hollow tree, Uncle kemus?' the child asked.

"Well, saw, one time when I wux a little bigger than what you is, dey wuz an old Affiky man live on de place, en he kep' a tellin' me tales, en bomeby one day he 'low he wanter show me some harrycane seed. I ain't had much sense, but I had sense nuff fer ter tell'em! don't wantor look at um, kaze I fear'd dey'd sprout en come right up fo' my eyes, Don dat ole Affiky man he siminch his eyes at me en tell me de tale how the harrycane start.

"Hit's all on accounter ole Sis Swamp-owl. All de birds er de ar set 'er de man fer ter watch dey vittels ons time en he tagk'n went ter sleen en let some un stenlit. "Sy kotch 'im sleen, en fum dat time out dev start in ter fight 'im eve'y time he show his head in daylight. Dis make ole Sis Swamp-owi mad, en so one day when de his wender come she make up er min' dat she gwone ter g' de tudder birds some trouble. The come out de holler tree en set up in de top ling's. She look to 'Is sundown; rain seeds floatin' roun'; she look up in he elements; dey look hazy. She tap on de tree.

"Wake up, ole man: harrycane giftin' ripe." She stretch out 'er wings so en flap um down-dis away-en right uen en dar de harrycane seed sprouted.

Uncle le-mus used his arms to illustrate the motion of the wings.

"When she flap 'er wings de tree leafs 'gun ter rustle. She flap um some mo' en de lim's 'gun ter shake, en de win' cotch up mo' win' en git harder en harder twel bimety it look like it gwine ter elaw de grass out de groun'. Den de thunder en de lightnin' dey jin'd it, en it des wen awhirlin'.

"Sence dat time, wheneber ole Sis Owl gits tired er de crows on de gay birds, en de bee martins pickin' at er, she des comes out en flops her wings, en dar's yo' harrycane."

A DRUNKARD'S VIEWS.

If He Writes a Bock, as He Promises, Will I. be Like His Present Talk ?

"To my thinking," said the man, " alcohol is the most remarkable drug in the world. Probably all others produce their immediate and specific effects upon the persons that use them. The case is entirely different with alcohol. You may have noticed, for example, that when the men of a household take too much whisker. It is the womenfolk, and not the men, that get drunk and act in a furious and insane way. When I write a certain book, the composition of which I have long contemplated. I shall devote a chapter to 'vicarious inebriation,' in which the subject will be considered in all its aspects and bearings, and in the most exhaustive manner."

"Good heavens! Another treatise on alsohol! I thought the subject had been run into the ground long ago."

"Perhaps so," said the man. "yet still it is susceptible of new treatment. When Gargantua was upbraided for drinking too much, and was warned that medical men were universally of the opinion that excessive lush was pro-ductive of early death, he replied, as you may remember. 'May the devil fly away with my soul if there are not more old drunkards than old doctors.' The valuable truth contained in this observation has never, to my knowledge, received the philosophic attention it deserves. It has never been elabor-ated, and therefore it is hardly correctto say that the subject of alcohol has been run. into the ground long ago.' And, besides, absolutely no one has as yet dealt with vicarious instriction. That task has been reserved for me, and, if I ever write my book, I shall perform it to the best of my ability, which is only another way of saying that the work will be done for all time. The chapter will be such as to admit neither of elaboration nor confutation. The subject will be closed forever."

"That sounds well. It is enough like Tom Paine to have been written by Ingersoll. May I ask what is your general scheme? "You may," said the man, " and as soon as

have taken a nip I will explain matters. Try a little?"

No, thank you. I never drink."

amid the teach of the land forest. Friar Tuck and Bichard of the land Heart drank great bumpers together in merry Shorwood, and were as brothers, for the drink places master and man on the same level. It is, in fact, the great leveller, and knows not in the same level of tank or fortune; it out Fourrier.

places master and man on the same level. It is, in fact, the great leveller, and knows no distinction of rank or fortune; it out-Fourriers Fourrier and out-Lasalies Lasalie. Men pretend to want liberty, equality, fraiernity? Why don't they seek it where alone it is to be found take a tod?"

"Go to the devil! Haven't I told you a dozen times that I never drink?"

"You are uncivil, my frien't, said the man. "You temper is rising. You are losing your head. Civility and evilization go hand in hand. Here's to you in a better frame of mind."

"Oh! dry up! Look again."

"And tell thee, thou insensate churl, what 'tis I see? I will, indeed, do so, though it rack me, thou lop-eared leon, an then keepest a civil tongue between thy jowis. While all was thus peace and well being, a reaction began to set in against the drank. There aloses naughty men. Filed with rane and fury: vain babilers who would n tof the wines and so became well striken in water, envelope the peaceful lot of them that looked upon the wine when it was red, and looked often and looked hard. These furious men cut teemselves off from humanity, and the inevitable result follower. The drinking of the rest of marking made these incensates drunk—very drank, so that trey murmured, and grew red and angrey o visage. Just look at the noses of some of the later of the earlier reformers—of Whisersones of Clarkson! Why, they were as a ful sus as Oliver Cromwell's or that of the Mory Moot of Marmontaries with his shane and troads upon?"

"What in thunder alis you? You don't talk like your usual same -eit."

"That's it. Now get mind," said the man. "I